

I'll Stay Here

Balthazar

I'll stay here lying on your bed,
even for the rest of my days.
With its side empty spaced,
where you once used to stay.
Have you ever noticed the glimpses upstairs?
These rooms are all that matter.

And on the walls there's pictures screaming
and ask me what I've done to seem
so amused by the way of having done nothing today.
They all have their eyes covered up with paint.
Their room is all that matters.

I can walk up the walls,
but can't make water out of wine.
So I'm desperate for some cold rain
to wash those hands of mine.

I'll stay here listening to the crowds
and hear the footsteps and the shouts.
But it's all passing me by,
tangled up in my own lie.
Have I missed the clue of your brave escape?
For this is what - you said - matters.

Some other town,
some other day,
some other clown,
coming up her way.

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